Please don't be schizophrenic, he said. He must have thought that was what I meant. I was his friend. He probably couldn't bear to think that his friend might be mentally ill.

I never told him that the "someone else" I tried to become was him. When I felt myself wanting to shout at Gabriel for asking me for a cigarette every five minutes, I remembered the level tone of his voice and tried to imitate it. When I was tired and wanted to cut corners by not sweeping behind the garbage pail in the kitchen, I moved it and swept behind it in his name. When Samantha tried my patience by begging me to call the police because she had an axe and was worse than Lizzie Borden, I remembered his reasonable firmness and remained calm. When the staff demoralized me with their mean sloth and ill-concealed sham idealism, I followed his example and did my job. As much as possible I did it the same way he did his. He eschewed idealism. He just did the best he could so no one could say he didn't.

It was just a job. People like Gladys or Serge, who blew hard about "being there for THEM," weren't doing the job. They never cleaned anything. They cooked only when they felt like it, which was seldom. They slept all night. They forgot to sign for medications. Sometimes they forgot to give them at all. Face it. They were there for money. Adam was there for money too, and to do as good a job as he could. Maybe in the end he felt it just wasn't good enough.